

Waterland
gaat met
burgers creatief
aan de slag voor
een land waar
het water bruist
van het leven

WATER
LAND

Theorie

Praktijk

WATER
LAND

Vroeger



Vandaag



Morgen



VLE DE S^T MICHEL À GAND.



© Wannes Nimmegeers





© Curieuze Neuzen



A street scene with cars, bicycles, and pedestrians. Overlaid on the image is a large white 'X' graphic with the text 'TEL HET VERKEER' and 'DONDERDAG 19 MEI'. Above this, a speech bubble contains the question 'Hoe gezond is het verkeer in jouw straat?'. The 'straatvinken' logo is in the top right corner.

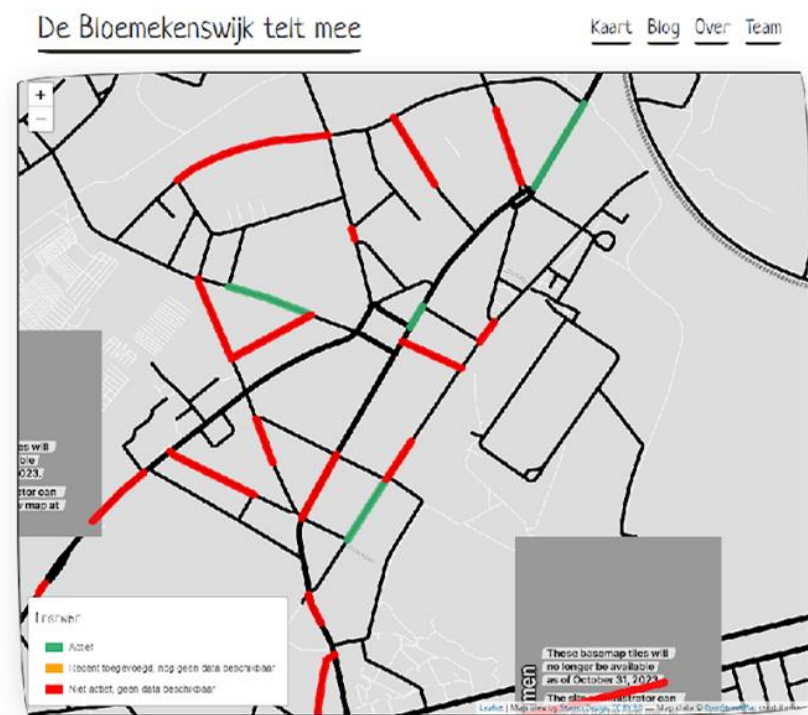
straatvinken

Hoe gezond is het verkeer
in jouw straat?

TEL
HET VERKEER
DONDERDAG 19 MEI

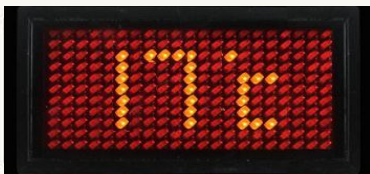
Schrijf je in via straatvinken.be







RaBbCcDdEeF...



DE VERTELLENDE LIEVE

GENT, WOENSDAG 13 SEPTEMBER 2023

De Lieve doet leven

bijdrage door Hannes

When, while the lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in his own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats around us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul and absorb its power, like the form of a beloved mistress, then I often think with longing, Oh, would I could describe these conceptions, could impress upon paper all that is living so full and warm within me, that it might be the mirror of my soul, as my soul is

DE LIEVE IS VAN IEDEREEN

Dagelijks meer dan 200 boten die
passeren

The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd far away on the left, towards Woking, seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of movement from the pit.



The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd far away on the left, towards Woking, seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of movement from the pit.

DE LIEVE BEWEEGT

*Kom mee wandelen op 3
november 2023*



Partially, but it also obeys your commands. Hey, Luke! May the Force be with you. I have traced the Rebel spies to her. Now she is my only link to finding their secret base.

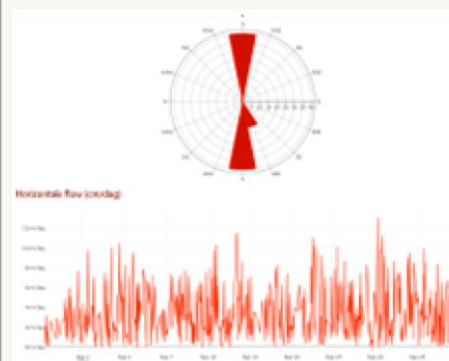
"This time, let go your conscious self and act on instinct."

Leave that to me. Send a distress signal, and inform the Senate that all on board were killed.

"Kom zelf de
dynamiek van het
grondwater
ervaren"

De Lieve laat zich meten

Droge cijfers en metingen, wat kunnen we eruit leren?



of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in his own image, and the breath

I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment; and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When, while the lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence

DE LIEVE...

by ...

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment.

His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. "What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table - Samsa was a travelling salesman - and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer. Gregor then turned to look out the window at









© Antiar



© Speelstraten stad Gent









WATER LAND

www.waterlandvzw.be